

AMID BLINDING SNOW IMMENSE PROCESSION FOLLOWS VICTIMS OF THE BELMONT MINE HORROR TO THEIR LAST PEACEFUL SLUMBER

Unmindful of Wind and Driving Snow Men, Women and Children Filled Every Inch of the Nevada Theatre, to Hear the Sad Rites for the Departed Miners, Long Before the Appointed Hour, and Hundreds Who Could Not Enter Sought Shelter Elsewhere to Wait

MEMORIAL SERVICES.

Prelude: Violin and piano.....Messrs. Goldsmith and Fife
Hymn.....United Choirs
Scripture.....
Prayer and hymn.....Rev. P. S. Smith
Selection—Violin and piano.....Messrs. Goldsmith & Fife
Funeral Oration.....Rev. H. L. Burnham
Hymn.....United Choirs
Benediction.....Rev. P. S. Smith
Postlude.....Messrs. Goldsmith and Fife

Fifteen new mounds in the local cemetery, now almost obliterated by snow, contain the last mortal remains of the victims of the terrible disaster which occurred at the Belmont mine last Thursday morning and east a mourning shroud over the entire state of Nevada. The comrades of the dead men, consisting of the entire membership of the local Miners' union, members of the many fraternal organizations of Tonopah, citizens of this camp and also of the sister camps of Millers, Manhattan, Columbia and Goldfield, with bowed heads marched through the blinding snow behind the funeral cars which bore the remains of the pick of the Belmont employees. Mother nature, as though affected by the sight, early in the day wept tears of snow, until at the time of the funeral, 11 a. m., the entire ground was covered with a most beautiful blanket of white, a veritable nature's shroud for the honored dead.

Bosoms of manly men heaved and shook with sobs, while tears dimmed the eyes of men who know no physical fear, as the gruesome procession wended its way from the morgue to the last sad resting place. Words of eloquence uttered by the earthly representatives of the all-seeing Father were as nothing as compared with the unspoken eloquence of those who had worked alongside the unfortunate dead; many having been for a short period entombed in the same disaster, but through the kindly intervention of Providence escaped with their lives. Tear-stained cheeks told a most pathetic story of love and respect for the departed and of the deepest sympathy of those who are left to mourn the unsung heroes. Churches of every denomination participated in the funeral services. At the Catholic church at 9:30 o'clock, Rev. Father Flynn celebrated mass for the dead of that creed. At the Nevada theater Rev. Per-

Impressive Oration.

The Spirit of the Lord is upon me; He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to comfort all those that mourn, to give beauty for ashes. Isaiah 61:1-3.

"Last Thursday Tonopah was startled by the word of disaster in the Belmont mine; and the hours since that time have marked a period of anxiety and sorrow never before experienced by this camp. "The passing hours have been days when the ordinary interests of business and labor have dwined before momentous news of these missing men. Hours when a calamity force a city to wait in suspense for news of life and death. "We have passed those hours, and the grief of this city hangs like a dark shroud over the hearts of all. "It was in the time of deepest sorrow that the nation of Israel waited in exile for news of God. And to such a people in mourning the Prophet brought his message of comfort.

To Offer to the Mourners: To Give Them a Garland for Ashes. "This message was the assurance of a fact. And as such was the message of comfort to the broken-hearted.

"My friends, and I bring you a word of comfort in this solemn hour. It is the comfort of the fact which lights up the pathway of every man who comes into the world, and that is that God hath made a way of escape from the uncertainty of death by the light of life which came through Jesus Christ.

"He that believeth on me though he were dead, yet shall he live, and he that liveth and believeth shall never die."

"The solemn warning comes to each of us by this calamity that each one of us should be ready for instant death: For in such an hour as ye know not the Son of Man cometh."

"There is a legend of a man who made a covenant with death, and the covenant was this: that death should not come upon him unaware. The years rolled on and death stood before his victim. The old man faltered out: 'Why, Death, you have not been true to your promise. You promised not to come unannounced. Thou never gave any warning.' But the answer came: 'Every one of your gray hairs is a warning; every one of the flying years should remind you of me; and the departure of every friend should herald my coming; and you have no excuse of a lack of warning.' "But I remind you that we are

Brave Men Bowed With Grief Weep as Little Children While Comrades of a Few Days Ago Are Low- ered to Last Long Sleep

Those who, this night, will for the first time rest in the bosom of mother earth, beneath a mantle of nature's own making, the beautiful snow, are:

GEORGE DONDERO, Tonopah; married.
MIKE HANNIGAN, formerly of Goldfield, married
WILLIAM MURPHY, also of Goldfield; home, Oakland.
MANUEL CARDOZA, Tonopah; single.
MIKE SCABALLY, Tonopah; Slav.
CHRIS. MIKOVICH, Tonopah; Slav.
FRANK BURKE, former member First Montana regi-
JOHN PLAMANAZ, Tonopah; Slav.
MAX SLAMSEK, Slavonia, Tonopah.
ROBERT FRAZIER, Tonopah; single.
NICK OELVICH, Tonopah; Slav.
ANTHONY GUILFOYLE, Tonopah.
JOHN MURAT, Tonopah.
CLARENCE DAVID, Tonopah.

not to think of life as a great fatality. The world is not controlled by the dumb motions of iron law in the Universe. And all about us is a deep abiding love of the great Father. He shows himself to us in the sorrowing face of the sympathetic Jesus. From His hands that knew what toll was, and from His Heart which gave of Its best life blood.

"So again I bring you the garland for ashes; in that mity hope that this life continues in eternal existence. The apostle illustrates it by saying that who sows sow grain, that which we put into the ground dies. But the part we do not see quickens and grows. The germ brings newness of life. The water-lily lifts its head in glory above the waves, reflecting its golden crowns and satin folds of whiteness, but follow its long stem down through the water you find its roots buried in the mire; that which is above is the glorified body of what is beneath. So today we comfort ourselves with Christ's precious assurance that what has been sown in corruption shall be raised in incorruption.

"Our brothers bore the image of the earthy but we would rest in the assurance that just so far as they had caught a glimpse of the life of Christ they shall be transformed into His image.

"Beside the dead I knelt for prayer, And felt a presence as I prayed. Lo! It was Jesus standing there. He smiled: 'Be not afraid!'"

"Lord, thou hast conquered death. we know; Restore again to life, I said. This one who died an hour ago.' He smiled: 'He is not dead!'"

"Dear Lord, how shall we know that they Still walk unseen with us and three. Nor sleep, nor wander far away? He smiled: 'Abide in me.'"

Besides the members of the Miners' union and the large array of citizens of this camp who participated in the saddest event that has ever been witnessed in Tonopah, Goldfieldans to the number of

upwards of 300, sympathizers from Columbia numbering 60 and as many more from Millers, besides a representative number from Manhattan, went to swell the attendance at the Nevada theater to such numbers as have never before been seen within the confines of that house. Every available inch of space was occupied, while a goodly crowd, with bared heads, maintained their place in the driving snowstorm without.

Nothing that might add to the solemnity of the occasion was overlooked. The entire camp participating with the same fervor and spirit as though each of the dead were a brother or a father. The ceremony was most fitting to the occasion. Brave living honored brave dead. Many of those who went to make up the funeral procession have, during the past few dark days, evidenced a bravery and heroism such as is seldom witnessed. When called upon to volunteer to search the smoke-filled mine for bodies of the disaster's victims, the question ever raised was not "how many" but "how few." All were willing and anxious to make the descent through the smoke-filled shaft and assist in the gruesome task of hunting for the dead.

Many volunteered but few were chosen. The balance, once more with bared heads, stood restlessly at the mouth of the shaft and assisted in the removal of the corpses of brave men as they were slowly raised to earth.

All these participated in the act of reverence. All paid the last honorable tribute to those who have sacrificed their lives in one of the most disastrous catastrophes that has ever overtaken a mine in the state of Nevada.

Out of reverence for the departed the entire camp adopted deep mourning. Crape and flags decorated the doors of every business establishment, all of which are tightly closed for the day. Schools and county institutions have also disbanded business. In order that every citizen might participate in the funeral event.

The work of searching for other bodies that may still be in the bottom of the mine was suspended for the day, it being believed that all have now been recovered. However,

STATE AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS PLACE FLAGS AT HALF-MAST AND GOV. ODDIE EXPRESSES SYMPATHY

The following telegram was received this morning from Governor Tasker L. Oddie by W. W. Booth of the Bonanza:

"W. W. Booth, Editor, Tonopah, Nevada.
"I have ordered flags placed at half mast on state and public buildings today in sympathy with the people of Tonopah. Please convey my deep sympathy to them in their great sorrow."
TASKER L. ODDIE, Governor."

further search will be made tomorrow, under the supervision of State Mine Inspector Ryan and Mining Engineer Sumner S. Smith, in charge of the United States Bureau of Mines rescue car, which arrived in Tonopah yesterday.

Funeral Procession.

Members of the Miners' union to the number of about 800 marched, four abreast, through the driving snowstorm from the headquarters of the organization to the Nevada theater, only to find that house packed to such an extent that it was impossible for them to enter. The line of solemn and sincere mourners retraced its steps through the foot-deep snow to the Miners' Union hall, where it waited until the funeral procession started from the morgue to the cemetery.

In the theater, during the services, were equally as many women as men, all there to do homage to that brave band of heroes, who have so untimely gone to that long sleep. The line of march of the funeral procession was:

Marshal, Stephen S. Clark; Miners' Union officers.
Officials and representatives of mines, county and city officials, band, Miners' union, drum corps, mourners, F. O. E. drum corps, fraternal orders, band, citizens walking, citizens in carriages, fire department.

When the procession arrived at the little cemetery, at the far end of the town, a number of men were at work cleaning out the newly dug graves which were rapidly being filled by the snow, driven by the vicious desert wind. Again the scene of anguish which was so apparent at the funeral services in the theater was repeated, this time the large array of men who make their living underground, breaking down and succumbing to the sobs, as are often heard from little children, thus once more telling the unspoken story of their love and devotion to their fellow man.

The bodies of the fourteen dead, who were buried today, were borne to their last sad resting place, out under the great blue vault of heaven, in hearses improvised from wag-

ons and appropriately decorated for the occasion, with the Stars and Strips, which were fittingly covered with a mantle of hly-white snow. The only hearse in the camp was given over as a conveyance for the floral decorations, which were donated in profusion by friends, relatives and citizens who wished to extend their heartfelt sympathy to the dead.

REAR ADMIRAL BRONSON NOW SERIOUSLY ILL

RETIRED NAVAL OFFICIAL IN CRITICAL CONDITION AT WINTER HOME.

(Special by Wireless.)
SAN DIEGO, Feb. 27.—Rear Admiral H. Bronson, U. S. N., retired, is reported to be seriously ill at his winter home at Coronado Beach. The admiral, who makes his home in Washington, accompanied by his wife and son, arrived in Coronado about ten days ago and was taken ill four days ago. Admiral Bronson has made his winter home at Coronado for the past eight or ten years and is a familiar and well beloved character in this city. He has taken a most prominent part in the civic government ever since establishing himself here.

STANFORD STUDENT IS SIGNED WITH PHILLIES

Devereaux J. Peters, one of the sensations of the California State league of last season, has been signed by Connie Mack to play with the Philadelphia Americans during the present season. Peters is at present taking a post-graduate course at Stanford university, at which institution he has carved a name for himself as an all-round athlete, especially on the diamond. He made good in the left garden for the San Jose team in the state league last year.

THE DAILY BONANZA WILL PUBLISH WIRELESS SERVICE THROUGH MR. ARTHUR ROYCROFT

Special wireless service will hereafter be supplied to the Bonanza by Arthur Roycroft, through his most elaborate wireless station. News from all over the world is gathered by Mr. Roycroft and will be published in this paper promptly, giving the many patrons of the Bonanza the most rapid and authentic news service that it is possible to obtain. This is the first wireless service ever supplied by a newspaper in the state of Nevada.

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